All comix!

CASCADE

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GARY WHITNEY - BACK COVER

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MARVIN
THE MELTING
MARTIAN
HERE I COME!
HERE I AM IN AN AVERAGE DETROIT KITCHEN..
NOT BEING FROM YOUR PLANET, I'M NOT TOO FAMILIAR WITH WHAT GOES ON IN HERE!
YIKES! SOMEBODY'S COMIN!
I BETTER MELT INTO THIS BOWL!
US MARTIANS ARE VERY GOOD AT THIS!...
LOOK! MA MADE US SOME PANCAKE BATTER
OOOH!

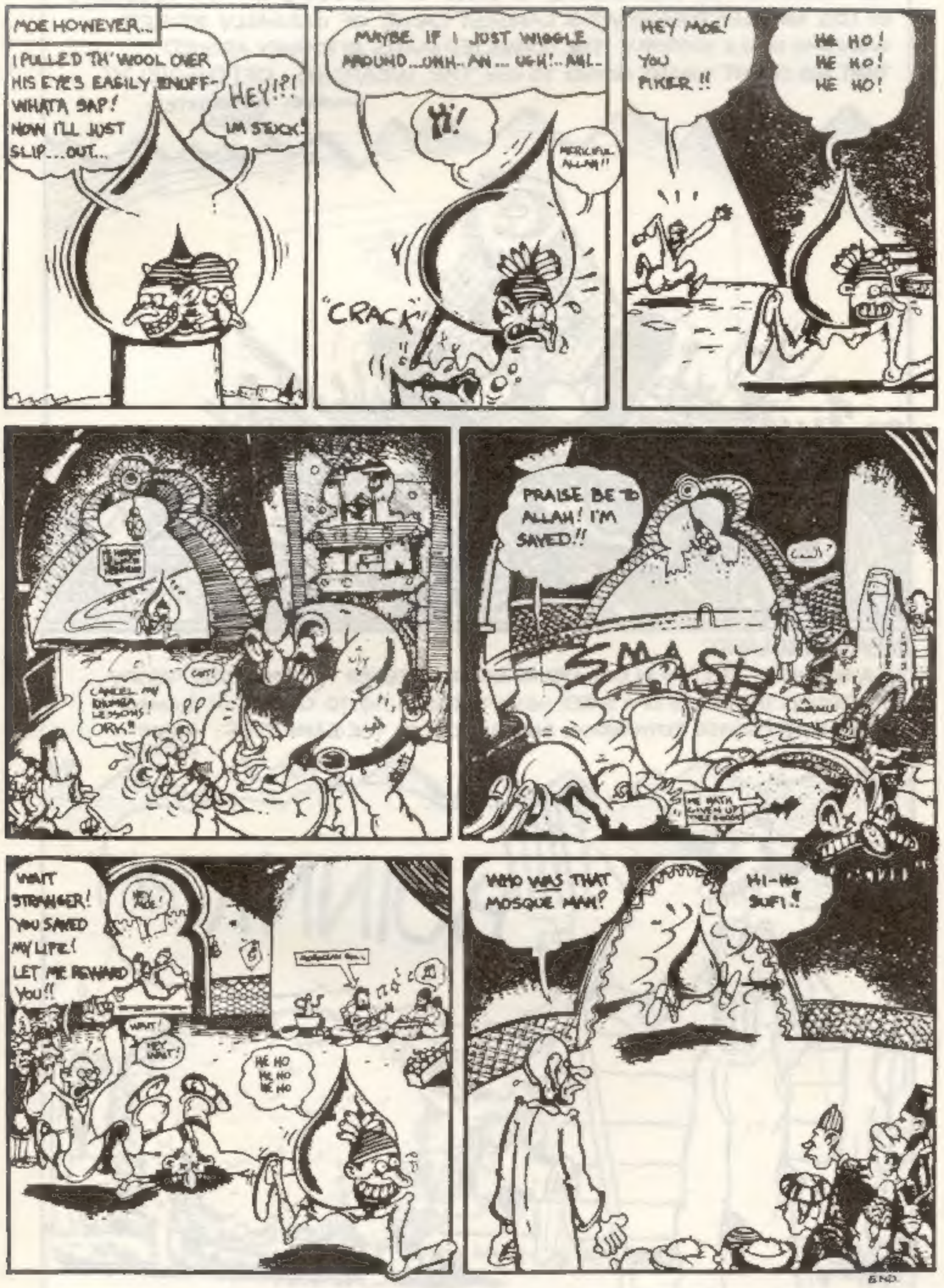
LET'S MAKE US UP SOME MESS O'PANCAKES
OK· YUM
WOW! WHAT'S GOING ON...
I'M REALLY GETTIN' BURNED UP?—
WHAT NOW...
NOTE! PETROLTERS CAN'T HEAR MARTIANS!
HALP!
EATIN' TIME!
BLOODY MURDER!

BOY, ITS VERY DARK AND WET IN HERE!
LATER:
PLOP
WOW, THIS IS WEIRD..
WHIRFLUSH!
HEY!
COMIN' DOWN!
I'VE HAD IT WITH THIS PLACE!
COMMANDER:— THIS IS MARVIN... REQUEST PERMISSION TO MELT OUTTA HERE! THIS PLACE IS NUTZ — I WANNA COME HOME!
PERMISSION GRANTED — LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!
I CAN'T JUST YET, SIR...
WHY NOT?
I'M STILL WAITING FOR MY LEGS TO COME DOWN!

MOE HAMMOD

THAT MAD-CAP MOROCCAN

By Ripp ©1978


MOE HOWEVER...
I PULLED TH' WOOL OVER HIS EYES EASILY ENUFF- WHATTA SAP! NOW I'LL JUST SLIP...OUT...
HEY!?! I'M STUCK!
MAYBE IF I JUST WIGGLE AROUND...UMH-AN... UGH!...MIL-
YI!
MERCIFUL ALLAH!!
"CRACK"
HEY MOE! YOU PIKER!!
HE HO! HE HO! HE HO!
CANCEL MY DHIKR LESSONS! ORK!!
PRAISE BE TO ALLAH! I'M SAVED!!
SMASH
WAIT STRANGER! YOU SAVED MY LIFE! LET ME REWARD YOU!!
WHAT!
HEY WAIT!
HE HO HE HO HE HO
WHO WAS THAT MOSQUE MAN?
HI-HO SUFI!!
END

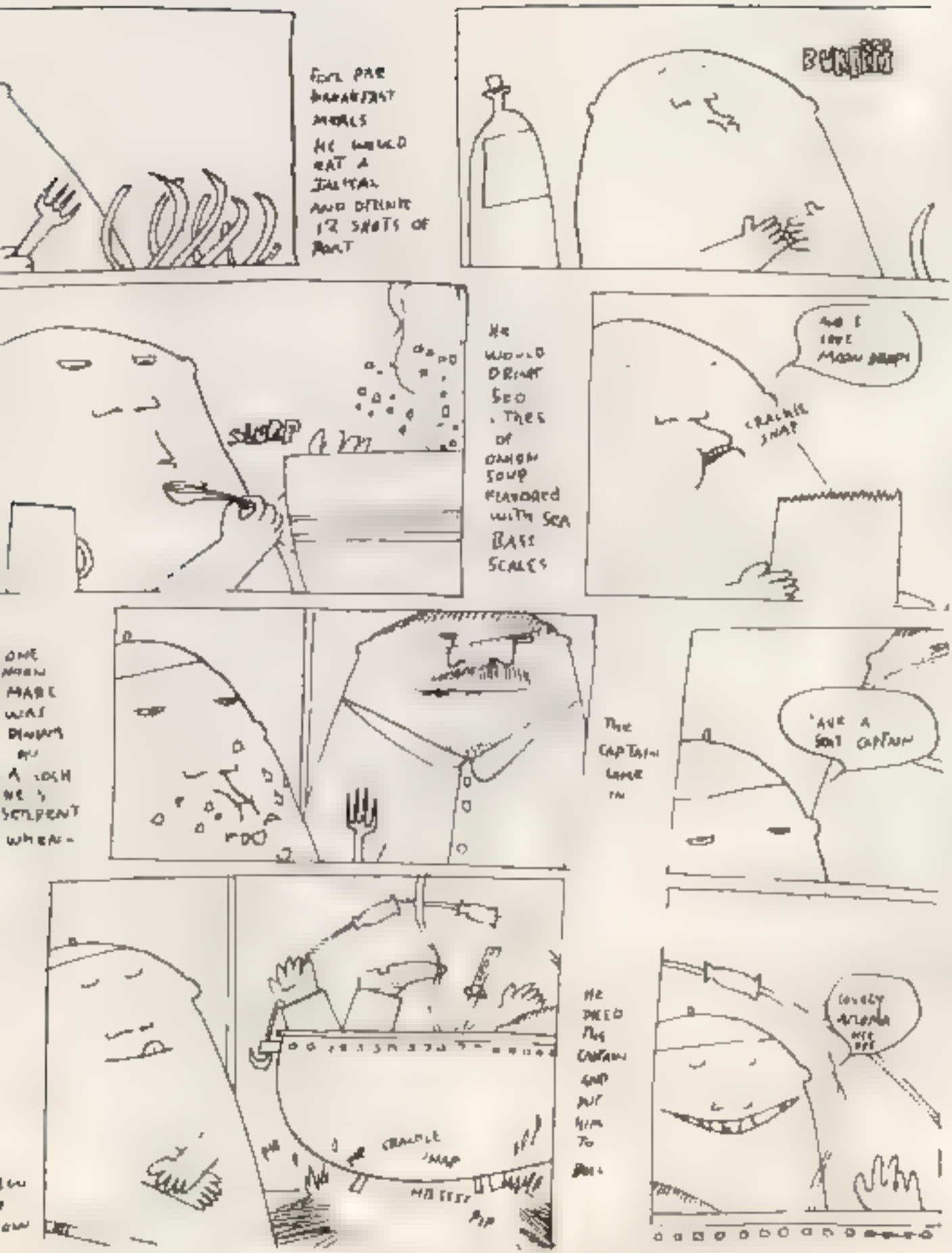
IN LOS ANGELES:
A MAN WAS SENTENCED TO THREE MONTHS OF PSYCHIATRIC STUDY FOLLOWING HIS CONVICTION OF STOCKPILING 8 TONS OF WEAPONS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF LOS ANGELES, POSSIBLY THE LARGEST CACHE OF ILLEGALLY STORED WEAPONS IN U.S. HISTORY. THE CONVICTED MAN'S ATTORNEY ARGUED THAT HIS CLIENT WASN'T GOING TO USE THE WEAPONS OFFENSIVELY!

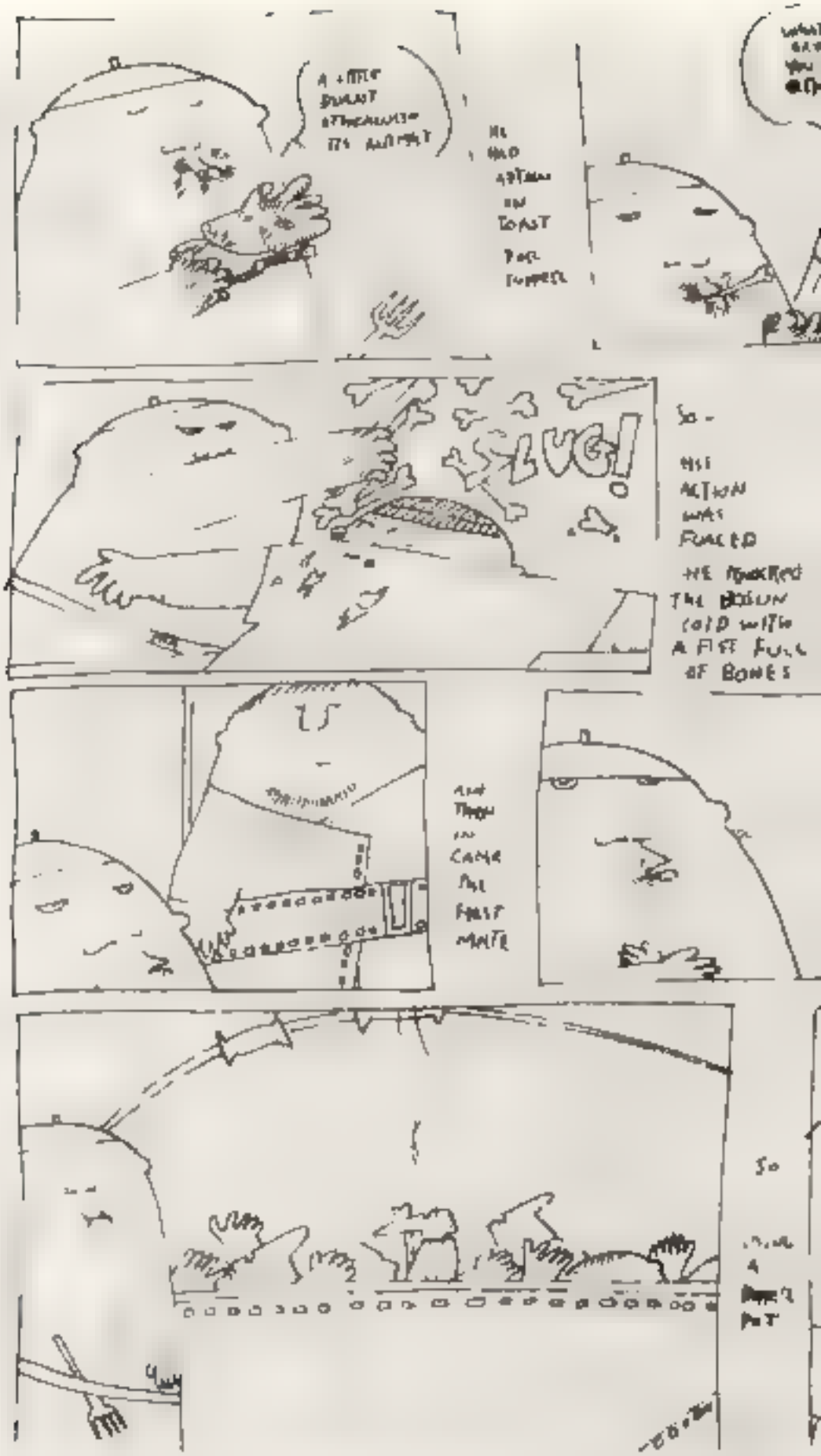
SOURCE: ASSOCIATED PRESS

IN BATH, ENGLAND:
AT A SCIENTIFIC MEETING IN ENGLAND, AN ANIMAL BREEDER PUT FORTH THE THEORY OF CROSSING THE GENES OF A SHEEP WITH THAT OF A PIG TO CREATE AN ANIMAL WHICH WOULD PROVIDE BOTH WOOL AND BACON AT THE SAME TIME. SOURCE: REUTERS

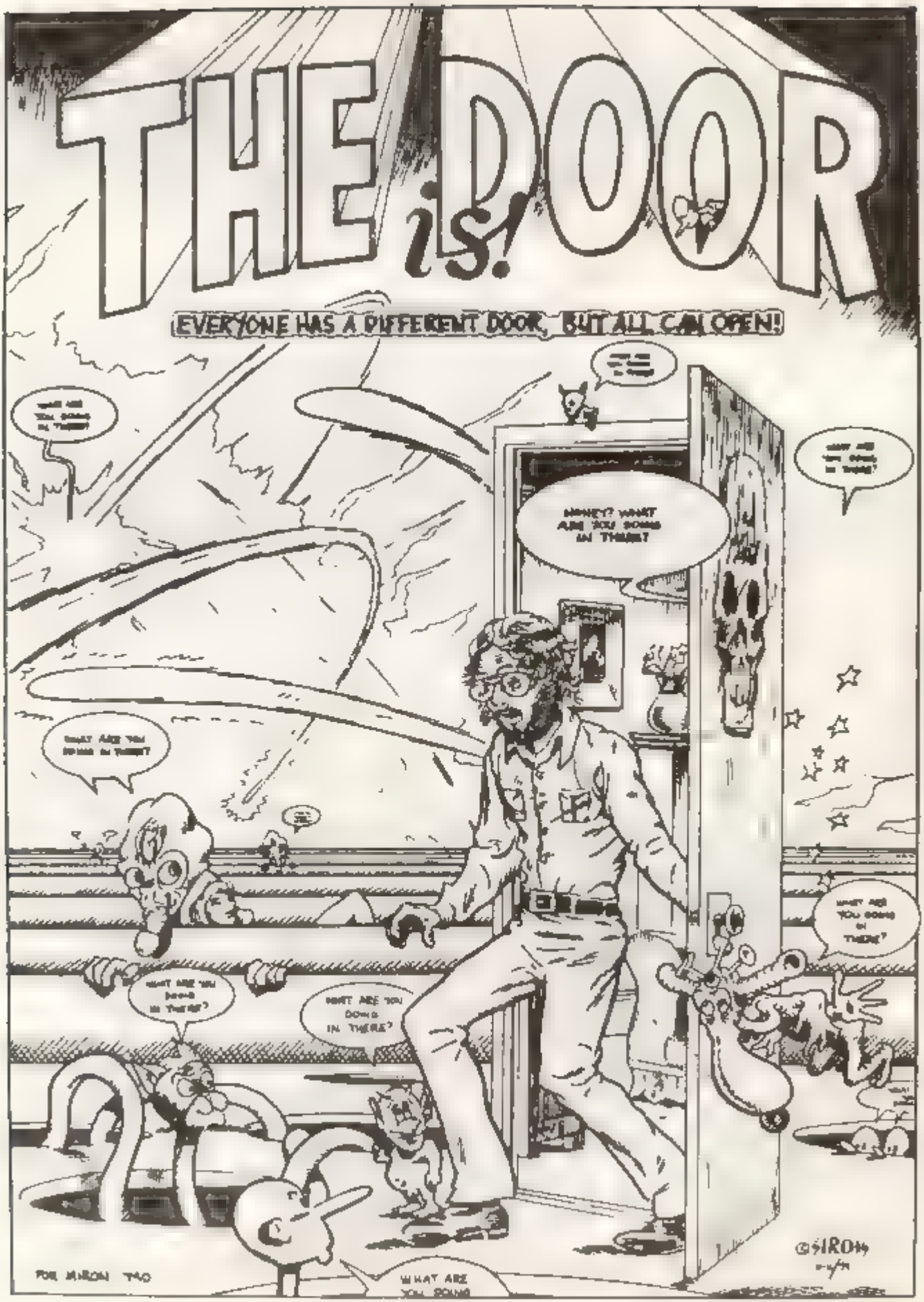
A
HANDDRAWN
STORYTALE
WILSON AUGUST 1980

MARC WAS A GLUTTON
HE STARTED WEEKDAY BREAKFAST OFF WITH FRIED BEAST LIMB (OFTEN A FOX PELVIS) 100 SLICES OF MONK-MADE BARLEY CRUSH BREAD AND 12 BOWLS OF MUTATION GIANT CHERRIES
JAB
WHEN THE CAPTAIN SAT DOWN MARC LEAPED UP AND BROKE HIS SPINE WITH A LOCH NESS SERPENT BONE — THE CAPT BREW HIS SWITC BLADE TOO TOO SL


FOR HIS BREAKFAST MORLS HE WOULD EAT A LIVE TAL AND DRINK 12 SHOTS OF RUM
BURP
SLURP
HE WOULD DRINK SEA LITRES OF ONION SOUP FLAVOURED WITH SEA BASS SCALES
AH I LOVE MOON SOUP
CRACKLE SNAP
ONE MORN MARC WAS DRAWN BY A LOCH NESS SCULPENT WHEN-
THE CAPTAIN CAME IN
'AVE A SEAT CAPTAIN
HE FED THE CAPTAIN AND PUT HIM TO BED
CRACKLE SNAP
MMMMM YUM
LOVELY AFTERNOON FOR A DIP


A LITTLE
BRUNT
ATTACHMENT
ITS ALRIGHT
HE
HAD
AFTER
ON
TOAST
FOR
DINNER
SO -
HIS
ACTION
WAS
FORCED
HE KNOCKED
THE BOSUN
COLD WITH
A FIST FULL
OF BONES
AND
THEN
HE
CAME
AT
FIRST
MATE
SO

HE WAS JUST FINISHING UP WHEN THE BOSUN CAME IN
HAVE A SEAT BOSUN
THE SAME THING WAS DONE TO THE BOSUN
AND EATEN
SAME PROCEDURE
BOILED AND EATEN
JUST THEN THE CREW CAME IN WITH THE COOT
CREW NEEDED
AND LEFT THE SHIP
FINALLY FOUND HIM


THE DOOR is!
EVERYONE HAS A DIFFERENT DOOR, BUT ALL CAN OPEN!
HONEY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
FOR MARON TWO
©SIROW

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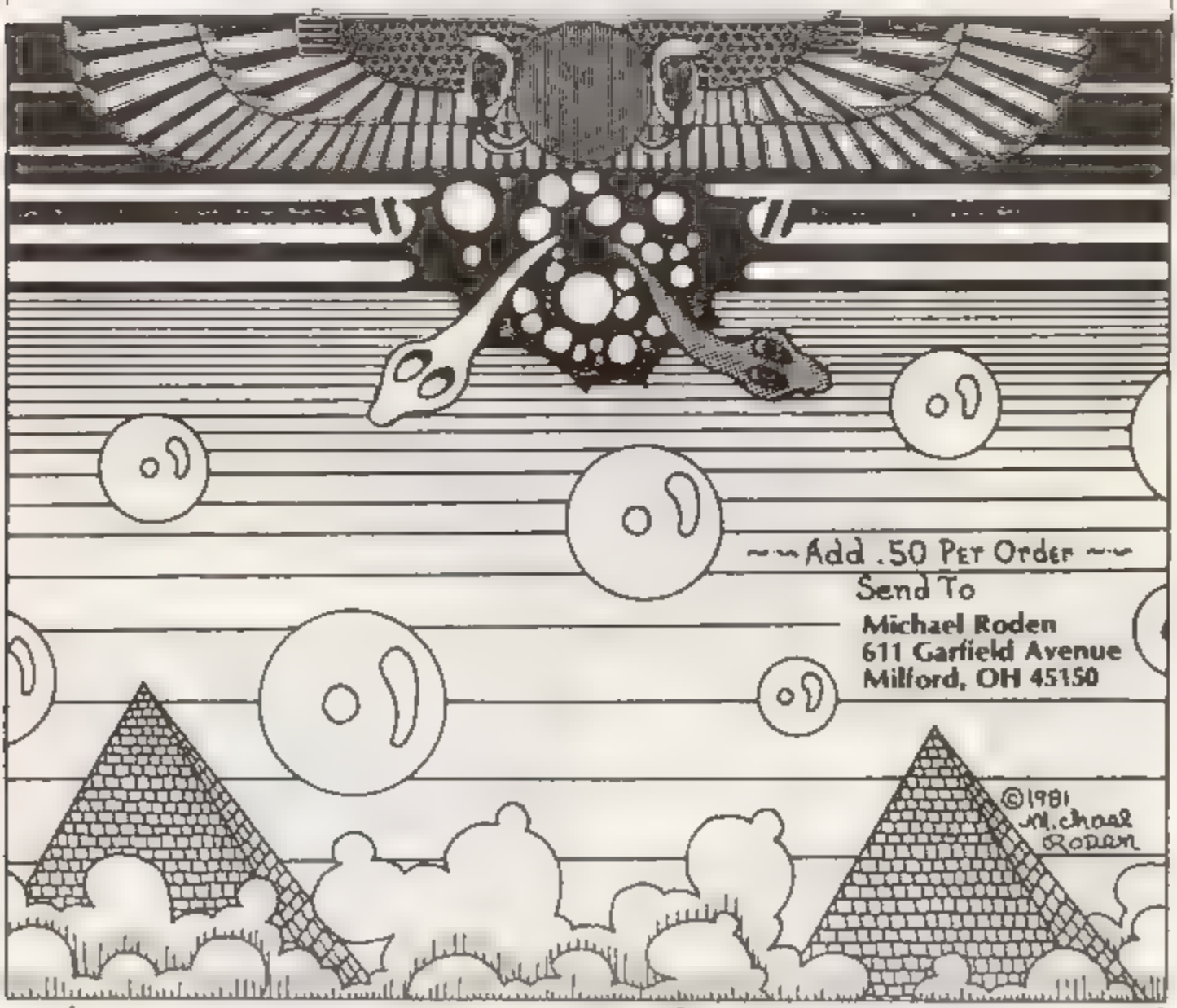

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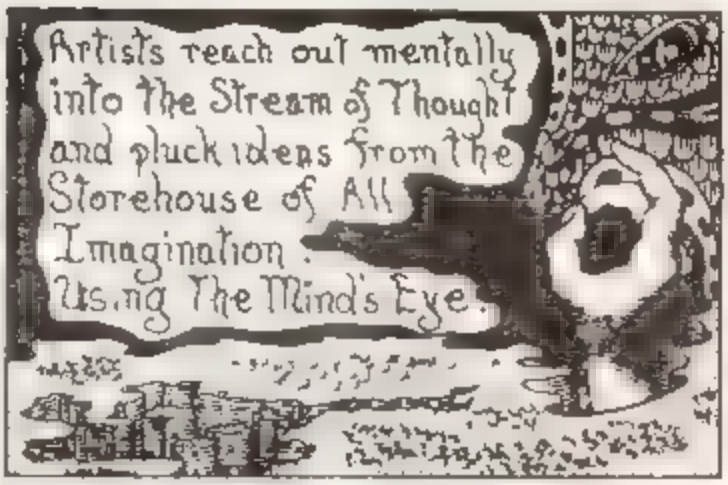
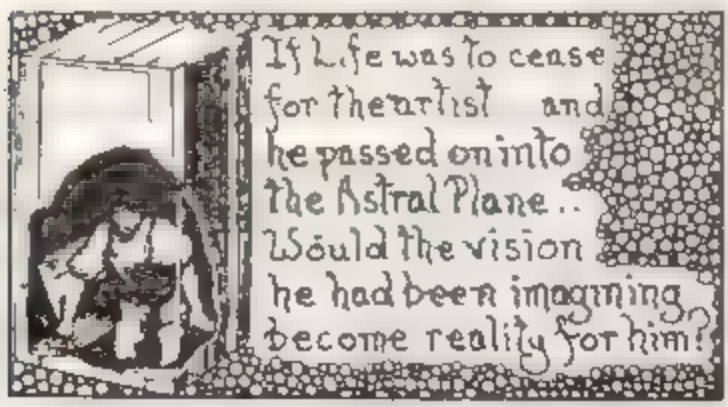
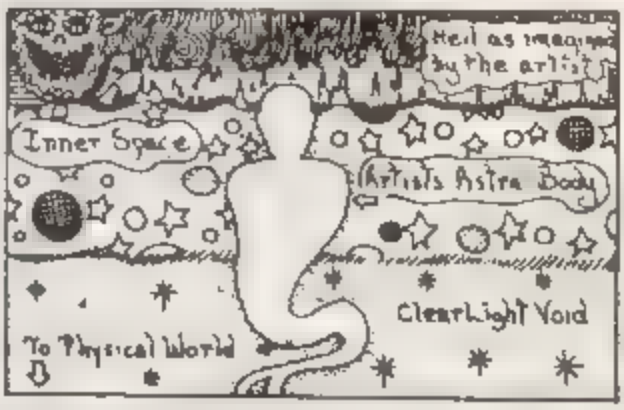
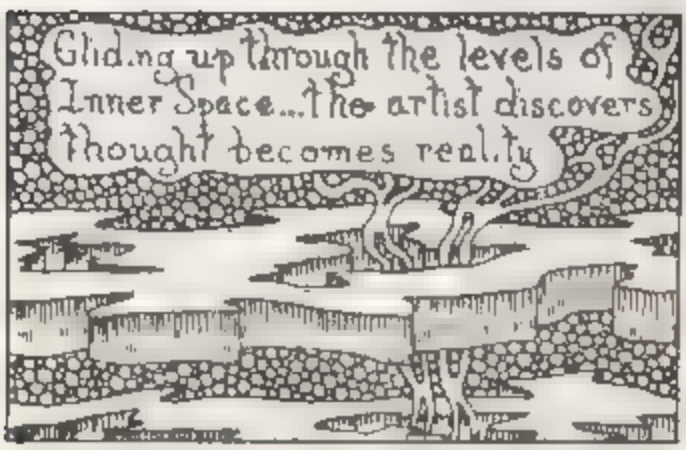
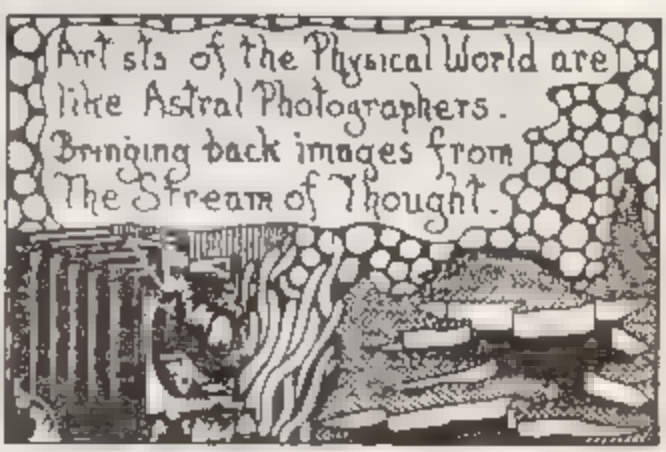

Artists reach out mentally into the Stream of Thought and pluck ideas from the Storehouse of All Imagination. Using The Mind's Eye.

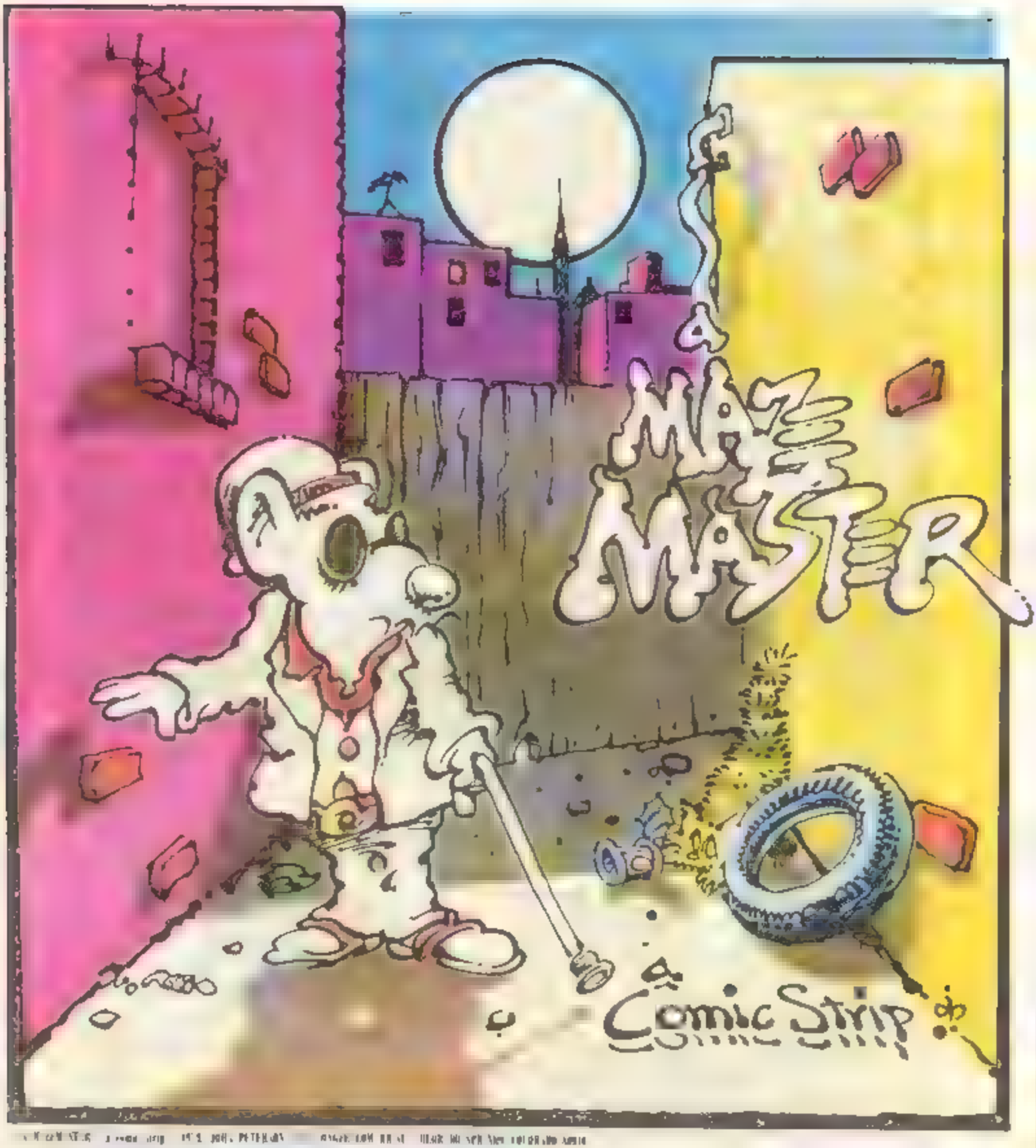

If Life was to cease for the artist and he passed on into the Astral Plane.. Would the vision he had been imagining become reality for him?



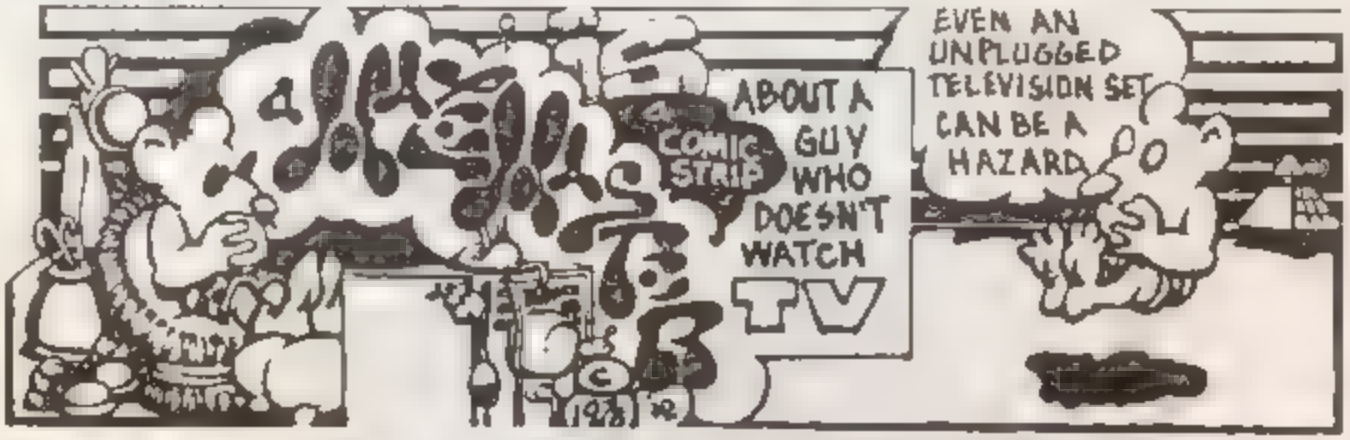


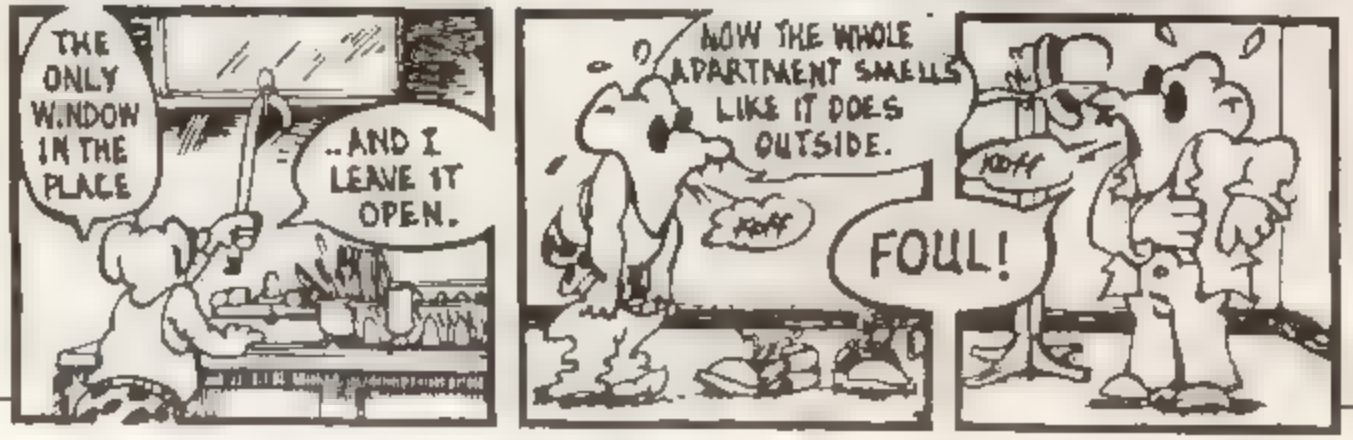


If You are reading this from paper, then you are in the Physical Realm But if you have your eyes closed... and you still see this . You may be in the Astral Realm, right now
The End


MAZE MASTER
Comic Strip

A MAZEMASTER





by JOHN PETERSON

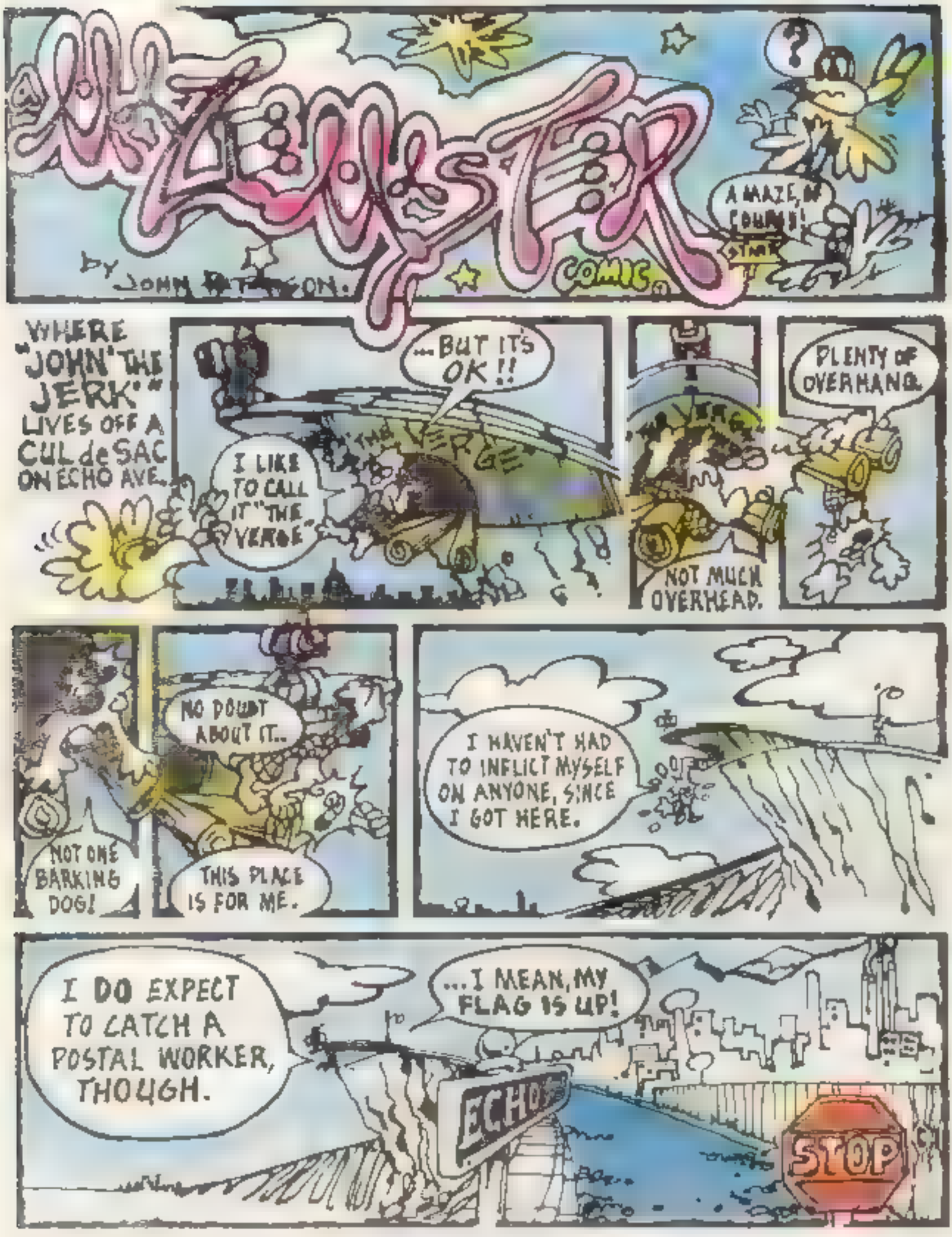
EDDIE SPAGHETTI SPENDS TOO MUCH TIME UNDER-GROUND
WHILE INSIDE..
I SUFFER FEW STRANGE SMELLS..
...AND NO "CURBED FEELINGS".
GRRR
WHEN I DO VENTURE OUTSIDE
..I MUST STAY ON THE MOVE
..ON MY TOES...
AND OUT OF THE STREET.
SNORT
SNORT
HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S LOST HIS BEARINGS
AN ALLEY-WAY...
DO YOU MEAN HIS MARBLES?
..NO CURBS AND FEWER CARS.
YEAH, THOSE TOO
MY PLAN IS TO KEEP WALKING 'TIL I HIT FRESH AIR.
THIS COULD TAKE THE REST OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN" THE JERK'" LIVES OFF A CUL de SAC ON ECHO AVE.
I LIKE TO CALL IT "THE VERGE"
BUT IT'S GREAT!
PLENTY OF OVERHANG.
NOT MUCH OVERHEAD.
IT'S ANOTHER FINE DAY, AS "THE JERK" SCANS THE TEEMING CITY.
HEY, I'M A REAL SOCIAL ANIMAL, TOO!
"JOHN" THE JERK'" SUFFERS IN SELF-IMPOSED EXILE ON "THE VERGE OF DESPAIR"
MAN, WHAT I COULD DO WITH A VISITOR!
IF ANYONE EVER CAME TO SEE ME...
...I'D SWING OVER LIKE THIS.
I'D HAVE THE VISITOR BOXED IN ON "THE VERGE"
...WHICH REMINDS ME...
...MAYBE I'VE GOT SOME MAIL.
NO MAIL, AGAIN.
SO WHAT?
"JOHN" THE JERK'" STILL LIVES!

WHEN THE INSIDE AIR GETS AS BAD AS THE AIR OUTSIDE...
OUT TO ESCAPE THE CITY AIR, EDDIE SPAGHETTI STROLLS The BRINK OF DESPAIR
ECHO AVE.
...IT BECOMES TIME TO SEEK HIGHER GROUND.
KALAP TAP KAP TLAP KLAP
LISTEN...
FOOTSTEPS ON ECHO AVE.?
TAP KALAP TAP
THIS IS MY CUL de-SAC.
I SURE HOPE HE'S PREPARED TO DEAL WITH ME!
SNIFF
INHALE NORMAL!
THIS AIR AIN'T BAD..
..ISN'T BAD.
NOW EXHALE SLOWLY.
EDDIE IS ONLY OUT FOR SOME FRESH AIR
"JOHN THE JERK"
HE'S MY FAT CHANCE!
"JOHN 'THE JERK'" IS GOING TO JUMP EDDIE SPAGHETTI ON THE EDGE.
HEY BUD IT'S "DEEP SIX TIME'!
GAAA!!
HA! HA! HA! WHAT TIME IS IT ANYWAY? ..HAVE SOME GUM?
SMALL TALK??

WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE, ANYWAY?
OUT WHERE?
A SMALL SILVER DISC SLICES THE NEARBY ATMOSPHERE
UNIDENTIFIED FLYING
WE FOUND ONE!!
THERE GOES A COIN-SIZE DISCUS!
ALF
MY INSTRUMENTS HAVE DETECTED BRAIN WAVES FROM A TRULY LOW VOLTAGE SOURCE, AT LAST!
?
I'LL HEAD FOR THAT LEDGE.
LAND ON THAT CONCRETE SIDEWALK OVER THERE.
AYEYYE, CAPTAIN!
SO WHAT'S THE STORY ED?
LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER CLOSE ENCOUNTER TO ME, BABE.
BABE'S KITCHEN
LOOK ED, I JUST GAVE YOU SOME GUM RIGHT?
MMM... GRAPE JUICE.
SO TELL ME... DID YOU WALK CLEAR OUT HERE TO SEE ME OR NOT?
DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN?
I LIVE HERE!
AMAZING!
THE VERY
RIGHT THERE!
COSMIC DISC

YOU LIVE DOWN THERE, HUH?
WE'RE DOWN HERE, CAPTAIN
RIGHT, EDDIE
THE UN-IDENTIFIED FLYING
LANDS NOT 10 METERS FROM ED AND "the JERK"
AND YOU'RE NOT LOOKING FOR ME
RIGHT.
RANGE ... 75 METERS.
DISTANCE, 24 75 FEET. IMPULSE, READY.
EMANATOR, SET.
A.U.F.O. HAS IT'S SIGHTS ON ONE IN THIS SET
LET THE EMANATIONS BEGIN!
DO YOU HAVE A 'KERCHIEF, JOHN?
NAA...
I FEEL FLUSHED
HEY, THERE'S A QUARTER
IMPULSES EMANATED FROM A COSMIC DISC INVADE "THE ACTION" ON ECHO AVENUE
I THINK I SEE A QUARTER HERE, ED.
I'M WOOZY!
HEY, EDDIE!!
WE'RE MAKING CONTACT.
LOSING CONTACT, SIR!
A COSMIC DISC EMITS AN IMPULSE THAT CAUSES A FALL FROM THE BRINK OF DESPAIR
PLOT
IT'S NOT A QUARTER.
HEY ED, ITS NO QUARTER, BUT I'M KEEPING IT.
EDDIE?
WELL, I GUESS THAT'S A NATURAL REACTION.
...AS SOON AS I TURN MY BACK...
...THE GUY TAKES OFF


LOOSTER
BY JOHN PATTISON
COMIC
A MAZE, M' COHORT!
STINK
WHERE "JOHN" THE JERK" LIVES OFF A CUL de SAC ON ECHO AVE.
...BUT IT'S OK!!
I LIKE TO CALL IT "THE VERGE"
THE VERGE
PLENTY OF OVERHANG.
NOT MUCH OVERHEAD.
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT..
NOT ONE BARKING DOG!
THIS PLACE IS FOR ME.
I HAVEN'T HAD TO INFLICT MYSELF ON ANYONE, SINCE I GOT HERE.
I DO EXPECT TO CATCH A POSTAL WORKER, THOUGH.
...I MEAN, MY FLAG IS UP!
ECHO
STOP

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REQUIEM FOR THE SEVENTIES

· WRITTEN BY TIM COLLIER · PICTURED BY AL SIROIS LETTERED BY LINDA SIROIS

ONE DOSE OF CHRISTMAS CHEER
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THAT SHIT WILL KILL YOU, MAN
AS YOU SAY. AS YOU SAY APPEARS QUITE HARMLESS, DON'T IT, LITTLE BROTHER?
YOU KNOW, LITTLE BROTHER, ONE DAY YOU LOOK AT ALL THESE THINGS, AND THINK TO YOURSELF "THESE THINGS WILL KILL ME." AND YOU'RE A COWARD. AND YOU KNOW YOU DON'T WANNA DIE
BUT I'M REMINDED OF SOMETHING MY DEAR OLD MAN ONCE TOLD ME. HE SAID, "BOY, FROM THE DAY WE ARE BORN, WE'RE LEARNING HOW TO DIE." I'M JUST DOING MY HOMEWORK, LITTLE BROTHER
HAPPY NEW YEAR.
AND IN PEACE

GR-R-R-R!

ANNOUNCING THE AMBITION TO PUBLISH A CREATIVE SEXIST JOURNAL TO BE CALLED OVER AND UNDER WHERE MEN AND WOMEN LET OFF STEAM IN ART AND WRITING. SOME MAN-WOMAN ANTAGONISM AND SEXISM IS INEVITABLE. LET'S MAKE THE BEST OF IT CREATIVELY. ADDRESS QUESTIONS AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO~~

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BERKELEY INN HOTEL,
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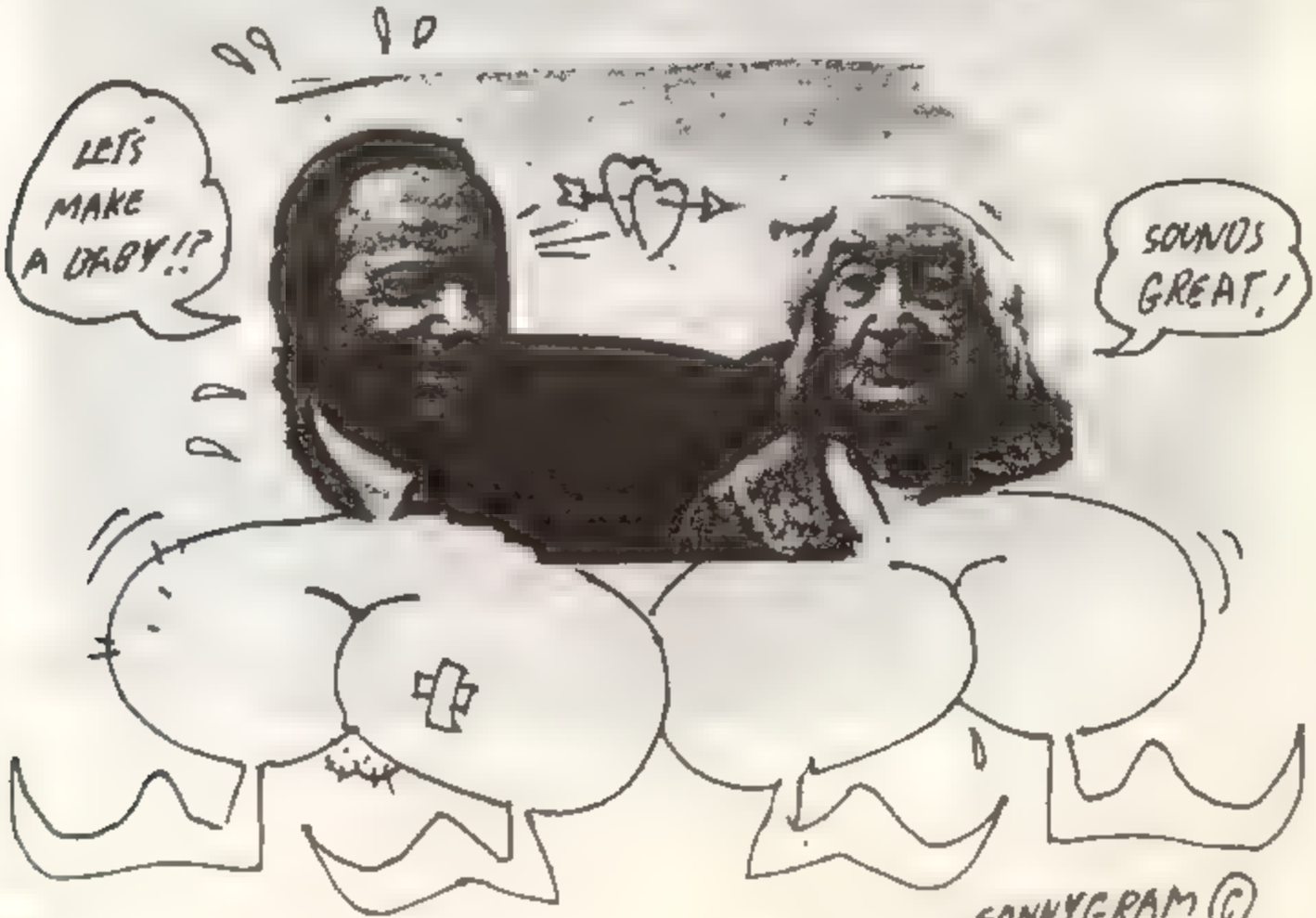

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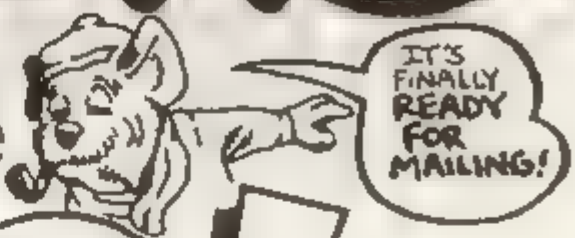

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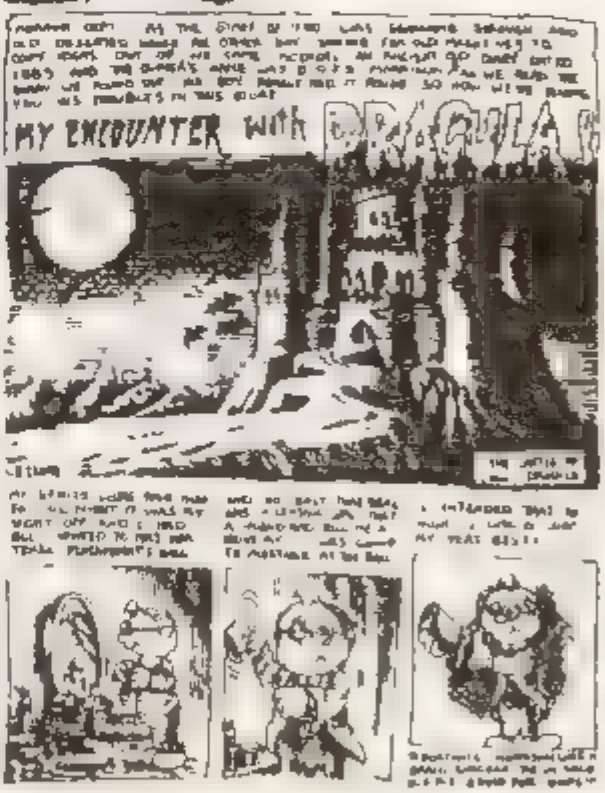

UNTIL JULY 1ST, 1981, OUR PRICE ON EACH SET OF **THE COMPLETE FOO** IS $16 (POSTPAID).

THIS IS A LIMITED-EDITION ITEM, AND WE WILL **NOT** REPRINT IT AS OUR SUPPLY OF **FOO** SETS DWINDLES WE WILL INCREASE THE PRICES. THE $16 PRICE APPLIES TO ALL ORDERS POSTMARKED BEFORE JULY 1ST, 1981, THOUGH SO ORDER YOURS **NOW** AND **SAVE!**

ALL CHECKS SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO BIJOU PUBLISHING EMPIRE, INC.

CLIP THIS HANDY COUPON, AND MAIL IT WITH YOUR CHECK!

TO- BIJOU PUBLISHING EMPIRE, INC.
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SEND ME MY SET OF **THE COMPLETE FOO!** I HAVE ENCLOSED $16— AND I AM PLACING MY ORDER BEFORE JULY 1, 1981.

NAME _____

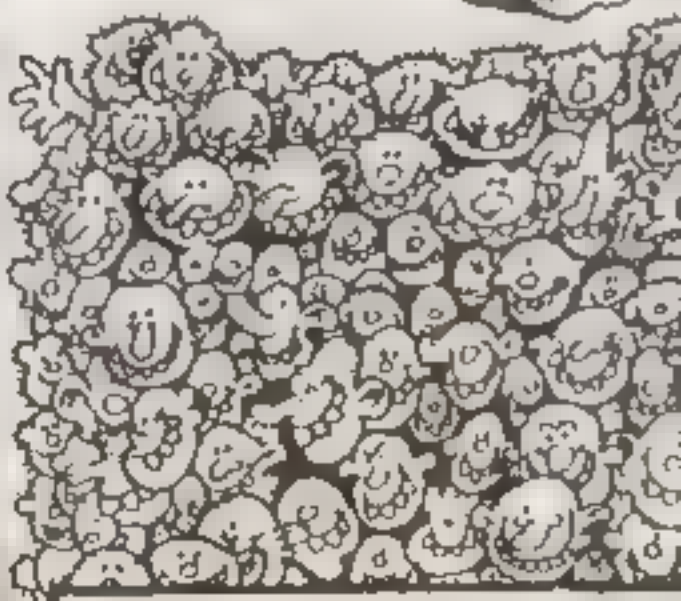
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Ripley's Believe It

ACCORDING TO LEGEND HENRY I ESTABLISHED THE YARD AS BEING THE DISTANCE FROM THE POINT OF HIS NOSE TO THE END OF HIS THUMB WHEN HIS ARM WAS OUTSTRETCHED.

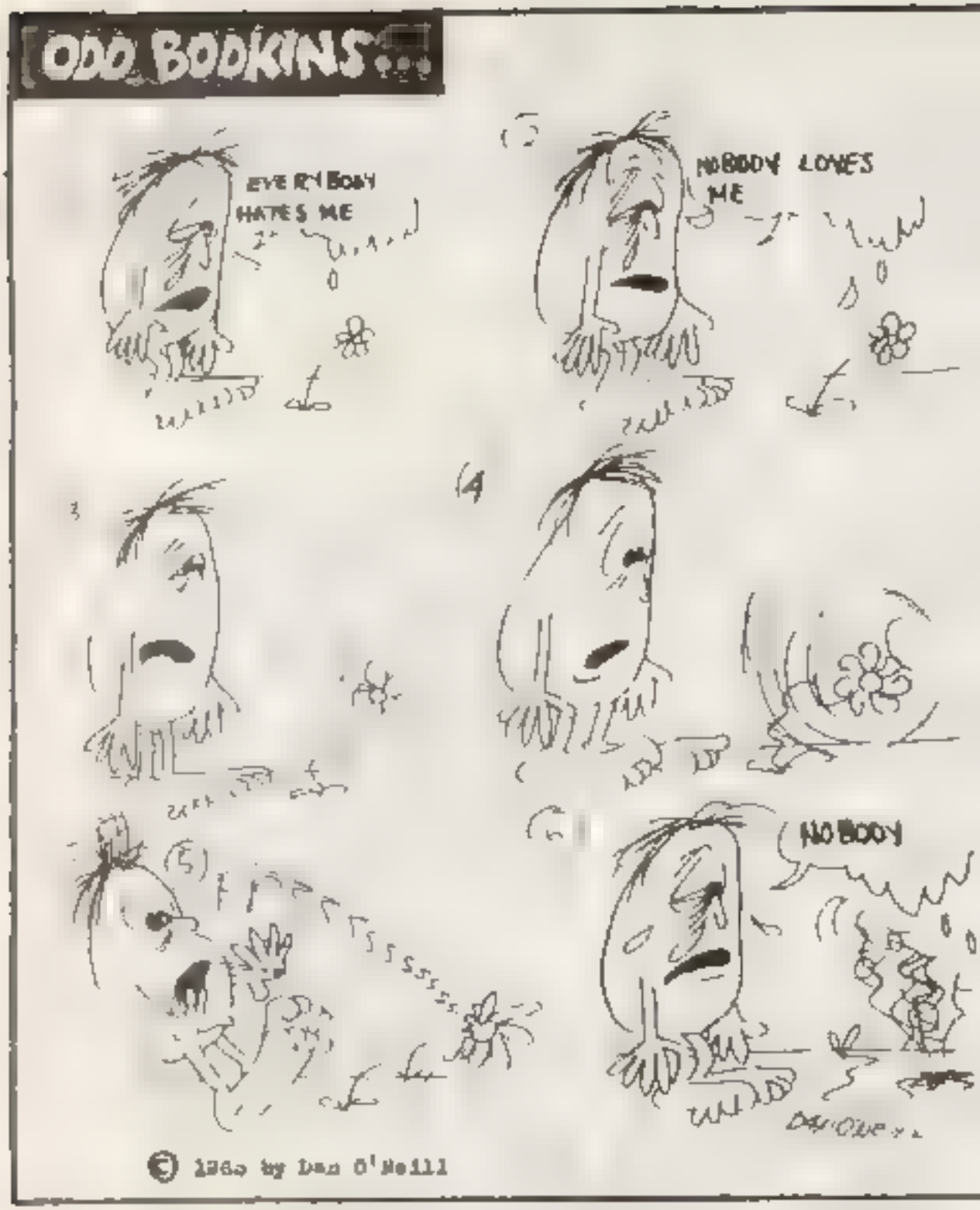
LIGHTENING STRIKES THE EARTH ONE HUNDRED TIMES EVERY SECOND!

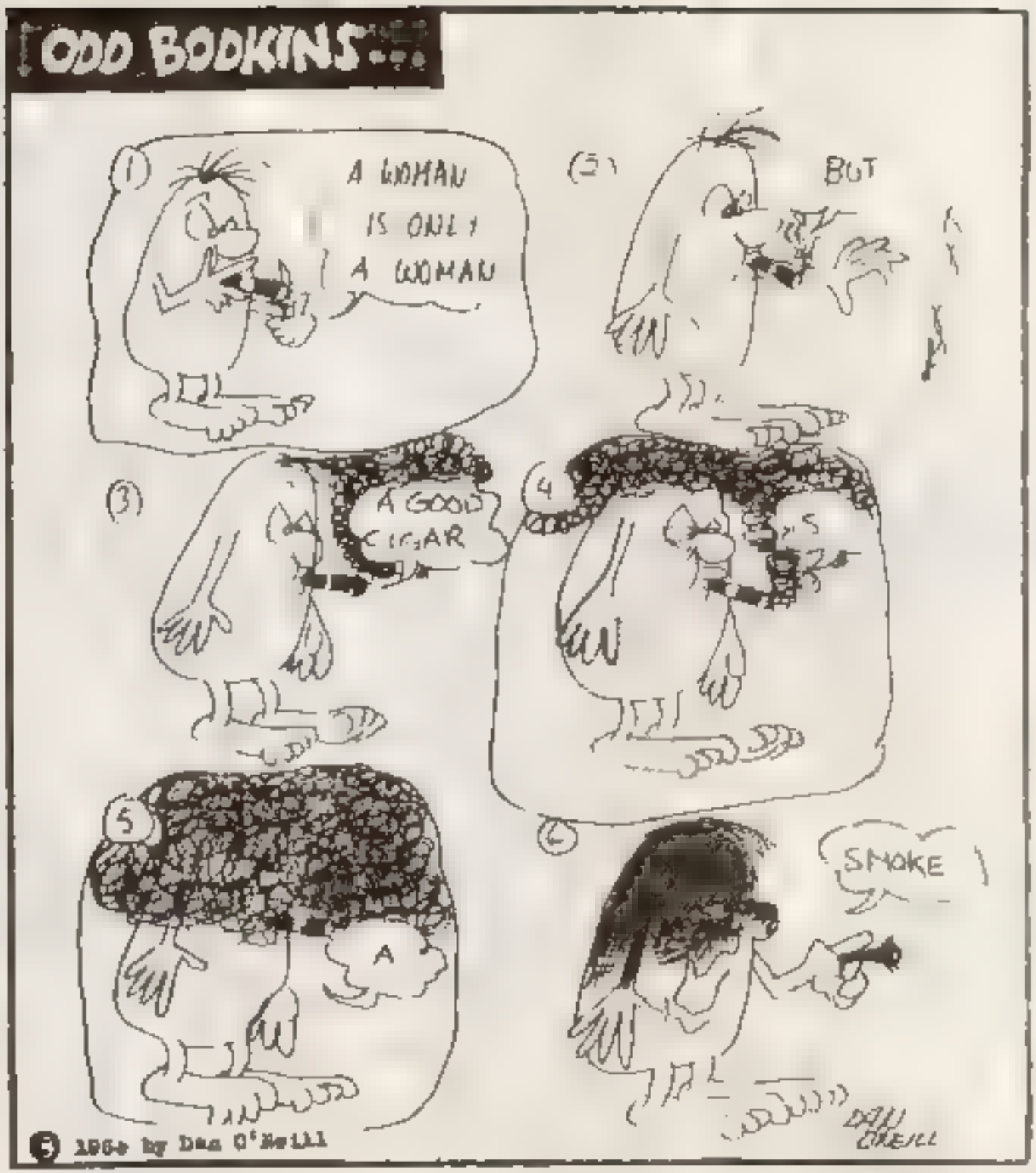


12,000,000 PEOPLE SPEA
(BUT WHO CARES?)

t or Stick It!

THE MAORI TRIBE OF NEW ZEALAND KNOW ONE AREA OF THE COUNTRY AS :" TONAWAWATHAKATANGIHANGAKOAWAUPAKA-PIKIMAUNGAHORONUKUPOKAIWHENUAKITANATATAHU " WHICH MEANS:" THE BROW OF THE HILL WHERE TANETEA, THE MAN WITH THE BIG KNEE WHO SLID, CLIMBED AND SWALLOWED MOUNTAINS THE DISCOVERER OF LAND, PLAYED HIS FLUTE TO HIS LOVED ONE.".
SAY, MISTER YOU KNOW WHERE IS PLACE WITH FUNNY BIG NAME??
JUST GO LEFT LEFT AT BIG KNEE THEN SLIDE
IGLOOS ARE REALLY ANIMALS!
GRRR GWAR!
BELIEVE IT OR STICK IT!
WOULD I LIE TO YOU?
Rippa
©'75


ODD BODKINS
EVERYBODY HATES ME
NOBODY LOVES ME
NOBODY
1936 by Dan O'Neill


ODD BODKINS
1
A WOMAN
IS ONLY
A WOMAN
2
BUT
3
A GOOD
CIGAR
4
5
A
6
SMOKE
1964 by Dan O'Neill
DAN O'NEILL

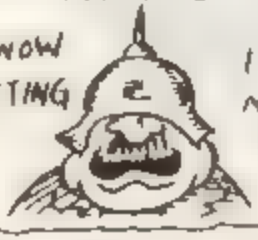
SCRAPIN' THE DIRT FROM BENEATH OUR FINGERNAILS AND COMIN' UP WITH ...

Shit from Shinola Scandals

RELIABLE SOURCES STATE THAT JOHN "DUKE" WAYNE OCCASSIONALLY CAVORTED ABOUT DRESSED IN DRAG AND IMPLORED HIS COHORTS TO CALL HIM "DUCCHESS"!

WHY

HAVEN'T FEDERAL AUTHORITIES FOLLOWED UP ON THE EXTREMELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE LINKING THE AMERICAN NAZI PARTY WITH THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH, A FEW YEARS AGO, OF BOB CRANE OF "HOGAN'S HEROES" FAME?

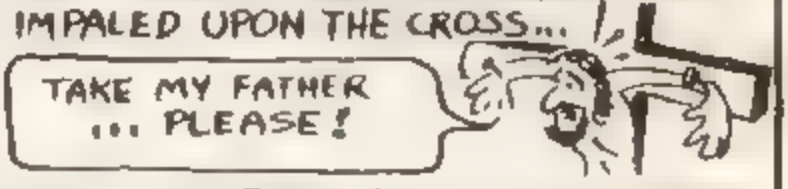


the RUMOR MILL

HAS IT THAT SINCE ACCEPTING THE REPUBLICAN PARTY'S NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT, RONALD REAGAN, HAS NIXED A DEAL TO APPEAR IN AN UPCOMING SCREEN VERSION OF DICK TRACY. HE WAS TO PORTRAY PRUNEFACE.

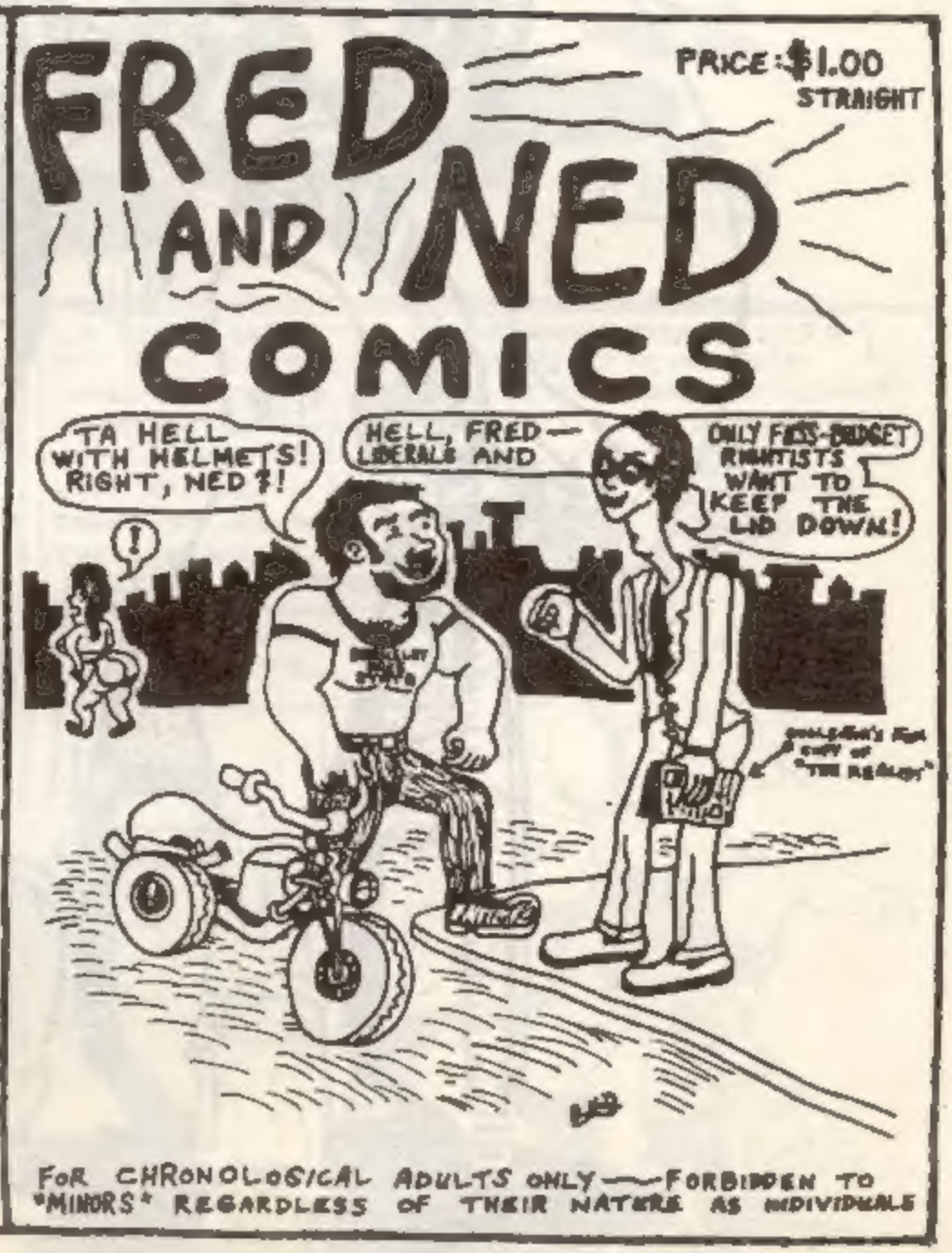
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

NOW THAT MONTY PYTHON'S "LIFE OF BRIAN" HAS OPENED THE FLOODGATES FOR RELIGIOUS SATIRES, i.e., "WHOLLY MOSES", THE SECRET CAN BE REVEALED... THAT A COMEDY VERSION OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST WAS PLANNED AND PANNED IN THE '30s. THE ILL-FATED EPIC WAS TO HAVE STARRED GROUCHO MARX AS PONTIUS PILATE, MARJORIE MAIN AND WALLACE BEERY AS THE VIRGIN MARY AND JOSEPH, W.C. FIELDS AS JUDAS, AND, MOE, LARRY AND CURLY AS THE THREE WISE MEN. THE ROLE OF CHRIST WAS PROMISED TO THE THEN-UNKNOWN HENNY YOUNGMAN WHO WAS TO HAVE REMARKED WHILE IMPALED UPON THE CROSS...!



BUT WHAT REALLY RILED THE CENSORS WAS THE CASTING OF MAE WEST AS GOD, UTTERING THE LINE THAT DROVE DROVES TO CHRISTIANITY...

DIG FRED AND NED COMICS!
A COLLECTION OF COMIC STRIPS FROM PAST ISSUES OF THE MAG TELE TIMES PUT IN A BOOK.
COMBINES HUMOR AND SUSPENSE CONTINUITY WITH A DEGREE OF REALISM.
~~$1.50
BY MAIL FROM BRUCE N. DUNCAN, BERKELEY INN HOTEL, ROOM 414, 2501 HASTE ST., BERKELEY, CA. 94704


FRED AND NED COMICS
PRICE: $1.00 STRAIGHT
TA HELL WITH HELMETS! RIGHT, NED?!
HELL, FRED— LIBERALS AND
ONLY FASS-BUDGET RIGHTISTS WANT TO KEEP THE LID DOWN!
!
FOR CHRONOLOGICAL ADULTS ONLY—FORBIDDEN TO "MINORS" REGARDLESS OF THEIR NATURE AS INDIVIDUALS

SPAIN 80

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TOP COMEDY AND BOTTOM BURLESQUE

~~A BOOK OF CARTOONS ABOUT S/M

~~OUTRAGEOUS HUMOR ABOUT ONE OF SOCIETY'S MOST FORBIDDEN SUBJECTS.

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94704

"...A GREAT DISTINCTION OF THE HUMAN SPECIES LIES IN NOT BEING SATISFIED WITH NATURE AS IT IS. MAN COMES UP WITH MULTIFARIOUS EXTRA-ORGANIC EXTENSIONS OF HIS OWN BODY AND MIND — UTILITARIAN, SYMBOLIC, OR DECORATIVE — AND CONTINUALLY USES IMPLEMENTS, ARTIFACTS, EQUIPMENT, AND PARAPHERNALIA THAT GO BEYOND GIVEN PHYSICAL LIMITATIONS..."
DO TELL!

FLYING FUNGUS FUNNIES
©1980 GARY WHITNEY
FARMER BROWN, EXTREMELY UPSET AT THE "ABDUCTION" OF HIS SON BY THE FLYING FUNGUS, TAKES THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS...
BY GOD, I'M GONNA SHOOT TH' SHIT OUTTA TH' FIRST FLYIN' MUSHROOM I SEE!
NOTHIN'S GONNA KIDNAP MY SON AND GET AWAY WITH IT!
AHA! HERE COMES ONE RIGHT NOW!
MR. BROWN
?!
MR. BROWN—IT'S ME—SENATOR HOOCHAW! I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU TRIED TO CALL ME...
YER DAMN RIGHT I DID, SENATOR—BUT THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE DOWN IN TH' BAHAMAS GETTIN' A GODDAM SUN TAN!
I WAS IN THE BAHAMAS UNTIL I FOUND THAT I WAS NEEDED ELSEWHERE. NOW, ABOUT YOUR SON...
HE'S GONE! DISAPPEARED! KIDNAPPED BY ONE OF THEM CURSED MUSHROOMS!
YOUR SON IS QUITE ALL RIGHT, MR. BROWN. IN FACT, HE'S HERE WITH ME RIGHT NOW...
HIYA POP!
BOY—WHAT TH' HELL YOU DOIN' UP THERE? NOW GET DOWN HERE BEFORE YOU BREAK YER DAMN FOOL NECK!
I'M SORRY, POP—BUT I CAN'T COME DOWN NOW. I'VE GOT IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO...
I'LL SAY YOU DO—YOU GOTTA BALE TH' HAY AN' PAINT TH' BARN AN' SHOVEL TH' PIG SHIT AN'...
MR. BROWN—YOUR SON IS ONE OF THE CHOSEN...
CHOSEN FER WHAT?!
HE'S BEEN CHOSEN TO HELP SPREAD THE MESSAGE OF THE FLYING FUNGI...
YEAH, POP—I'VE GOTTA LOTTA PEOPLE TO REACH—IT'S TH' DAWNING OF A NEW AGE! TH' FUNGUS ARE AMONG US!
?
HERE, POP—TRY ONE OF THESE SPORES—THEN MAYBE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND!
WHAT DO I DO—EAT IT?
YEAH—GO AHEAD...
MEANWHILE, MR. BROWN, WE'VE GOT TO BE ON OUR WAY.
YEAH—I'LL BE SEEIN' YA AROUND, POP!
CHOMP! CHOMP!
LATER, AT THE BROWN SUPPER TABLE...
...FUNGUSAMONGUS FUNGUSAMONGUS FUNGUSAMONGUS...
JED? JED? YOU HAVEN'T TOUCHED YOUR SUPPER JED?
HEY MA—WHATSA MATTER WITH POP?
Whitney